



Memories of Seashells



102 3 6

Chapter 1 by Raven Mendax

A full week before she drowned, she had been plagued by the smell of the ocean. The salty taste on her tongue was the same one I now tasted. The roar of the ocean in her ears as constant as it is in mine.

I know I'm next. There is no question about it. There is no way out of this. The ocean calls to me, just as it did to her. I long to feel the sand between my toes, to let the cool waves wash over me.

But I can't. I have to hold on, just for a little bit longer. They need to learn why this is happening, and I am the only victim. The only living one, anyway. Tests and experiments are done, I am placed near various bodies of water. But the urge to jump in does not strike me. I long only for the sea.

I want to swim among shoals of fish, watch their glistening scales as they dart through the water. I want to feel the warmth of the sun on my back slowly fade as I dive down deeper into the water, ignoring the burning sensation in my lungs. I wish for the seashells on the sea floor from my childhood, with elegant patterns adorning their smooth surface. I long for the ocean.

I can't hold out for much longer, the scientists had better be quick. The ache for the sea burns in my bones, and the roaring grows

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I must go to the ocean.

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Chapter 2 by Dale Nixon



For my will to resist erodes though I know what fate awaits me. What a sight it must be, to gently sink towards the floor of the sea. A watery funeral quietly attended by resting shells, where the waves shall whisper hymns of mourning. That wouldn't such a terrible end to meet.

Curiously, something holds me at the reigns. A lingering lust for life perhaps, or the remnants of a desire to continue my earthly life. But such thoughts remain afloat only for the moment, for my confidence lies in the magnetic call of the shifting tides.

Chapter 3 by bluedog



The water is the only thing I need, so I am estranged by unwillingness to leave. It would be so easy to jump in the water and let the cool waves overtake me.

The tests they perform are important, but some seem wrong. The other day they put me in a salt water pool, and told me to go under for as long as possible. What they didn't tell me was it was one hundred feet deep.

Chapter 4 by intellikat



The other thing I enjoy is those shell-shaped chocolates for Guylian's.

God, I'd kill for a gift box of those now.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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